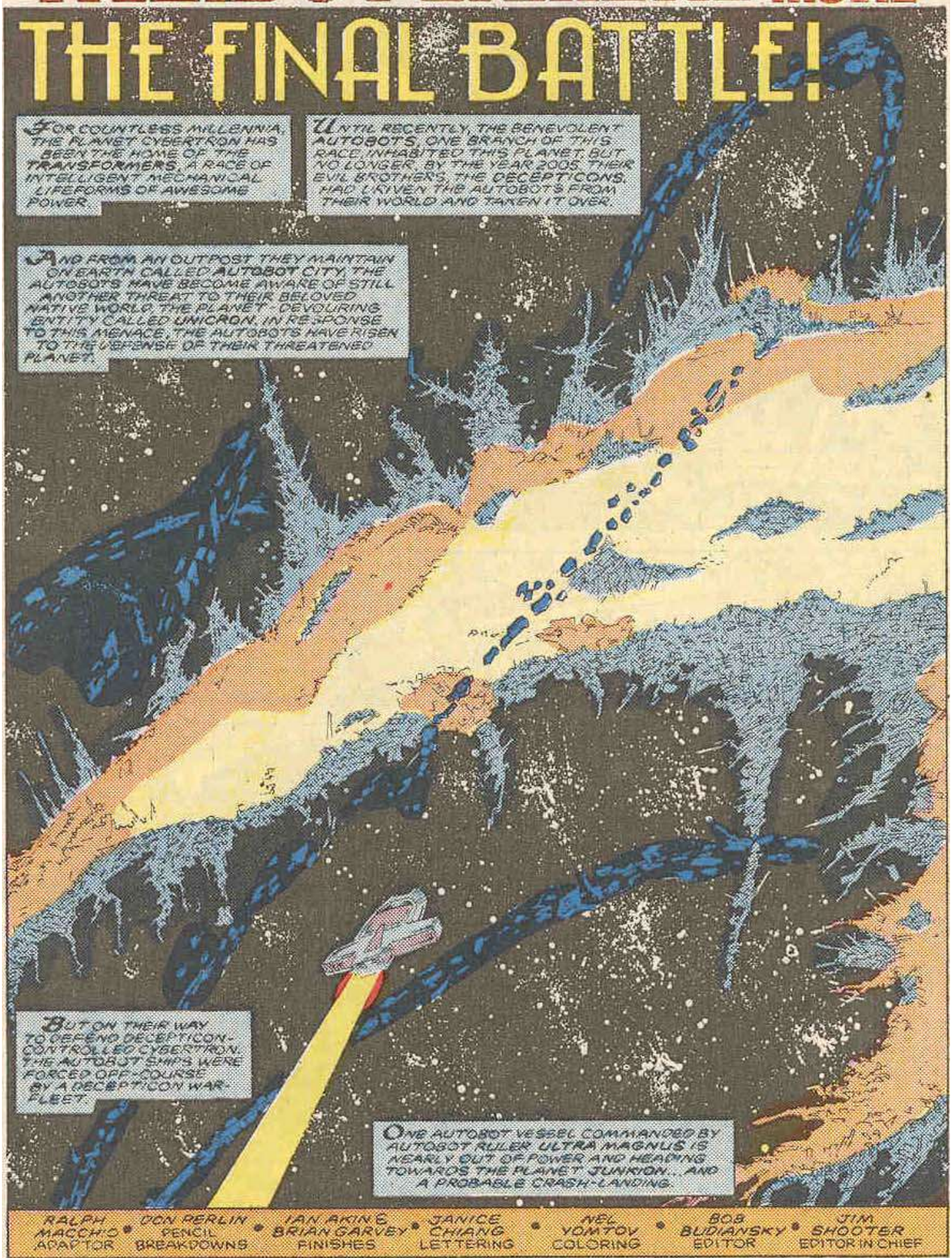
MARVEL
25th
ANNIVERSARY
#3 IN A THREE-ISSUE LIMITED SERIES
TRANSFORMERS
THE MOVIE
75¢ US
$1.25 CAN
3 FEB
02416
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

TRANSFORMERS™ THE MOVIE


THE FINAL BATTLE!
FOR COUNTLESS MILLENNIA, THE PLANET CYBERTRON HAS BEEN THE HOME OF THE TRANSFORMERS, A RACE OF INTELLIGENT MECHANICAL LIFEFORMS OF AWESOME POWER.
UNTIL RECENTLY, THE BENEVOLENT AUTOBOTS, ONE BRANCH OF THIS RACE, INHABITED THIS PLANET. BUT NO LONGER. BY THE YEAR 2005, THEIR EVIL BROTHERS, THE DECEPTICONS, HAD DRIVEN THE AUTOBOTS FROM THEIR WORLD AND TAKEN IT OVER.
AND FROM AN OUTPOST THEY MAINTAIN ON EARTH CALLED AUTOBOT CITY, THE AUTOBOTS HAVE BECOME AWARE OF STILL ANOTHER THREAT TO THEIR BELOVED NATIVE WORLD. THE PLANET-DEVOURING ENTITY CALLED UNICRON. IN RESPONSE TO THIS MENACE, THE AUTOBOTS HAVE RISEN TO THE DEFENSE OF THEIR THREATENED PLANET.
BUT ON THEIR WAY TO DEFEND DECEPTICON-CONTROLLED CYBERTRON, THE AUTOBOT SHIPS WERE FORCED OFF-COURSE BY A DECEPTICON WAR-FLEET.
ONE AUTOBOT VESSEL COMMANDED BY AUTOBOT RULER ULTRA MAGNUS IS NEARLY OUT OF POWER AND HEADING TOWARDS THE PLANET JUNKION... AND A PROBABLE CRASH-LANDING.

RALPH MACCHIO • ADAPTOR
DON PERLIN • PENCIL BREAKDOWNS
IAN AKIN & BRIAN GARVEY • FINISHES
JANICE CHIANG • LETTERING
NEL YOMTOV • COLORING
BOB BUDIANSKY • EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER • EDITOR IN CHIEF

TRANSFORMERS™: THE MOVIE Vol. 1, No. 3, February, 1987. Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Group Vice-President, Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.

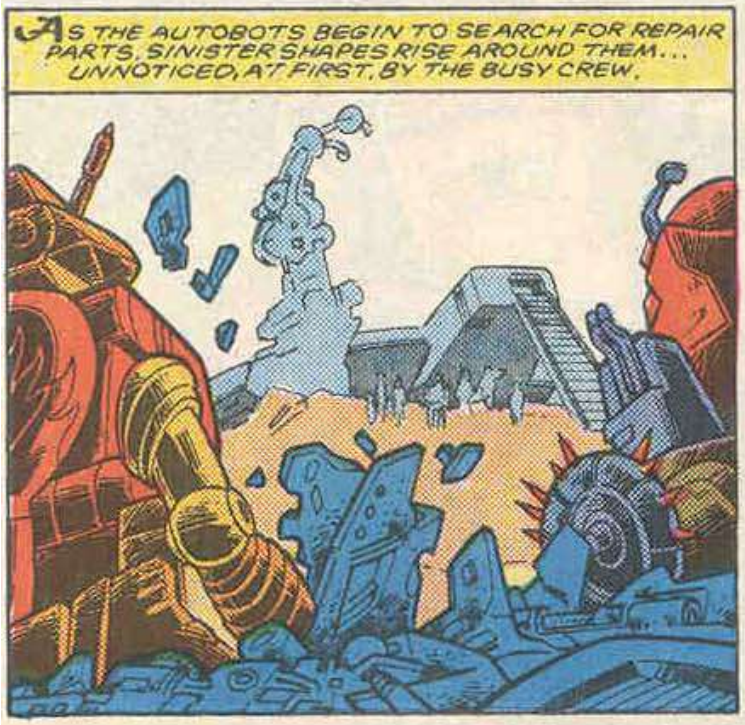
Copyright © 1986 by HASBRO, INC. All rights reserved. Price 75¢ per copy in the U.S. and $1.25 in Canada. All advertising and editorial material copyright © 1986 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. THE TRANSFORMERS (including all prominent characters featured in this issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of HASBRO, INC.

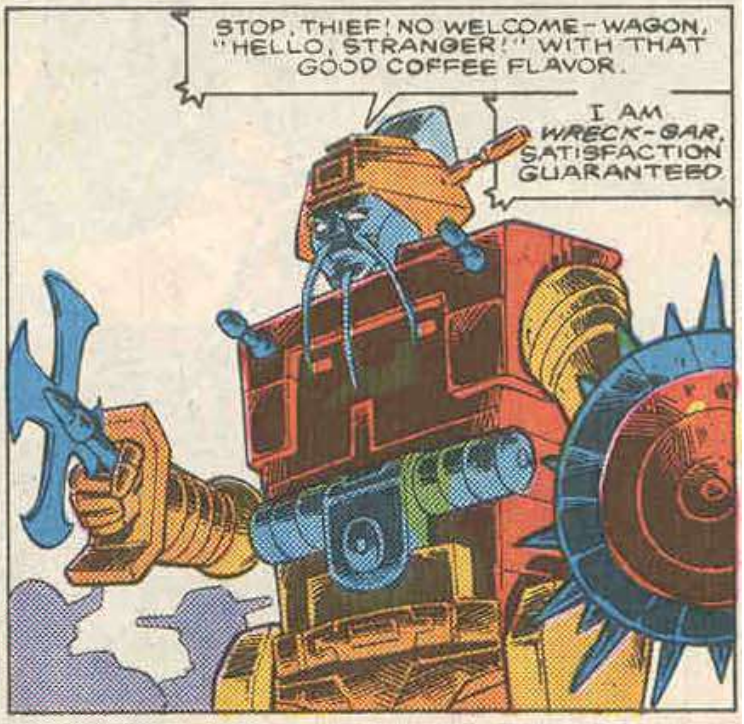
WITH ONLY MOMENTS OF POWER REMAINING, THE AUTOBOT SHUTTLE IS EXPERTLY GUIDED THROUGH AN ATMOSPHERE TEEMING WITH JUNK AND DEBRIS.
WHERE ARE WE, SPRINGER?
THE PLACE WHERE EVERYTHING ENDS UP AFTER YOU THROW IT OUT, ARCEE-- JUNKION!
BRACE FOR IMPACT!
BUT COMMANDER ULTRA MAGNUS' WARNING CANNOT PREPARE THEM FOR WHAT HAPPENS NEXT--
-- THE SHUTTLE PLUMMETS THROUGH HUGE MOUNTAINS OF JUNK, CAUSING AVALANCHES OF WASTE MATERIAL.
SPLUNKK!
BY THE TIME THE BATTERED VESSEL SKIMS TO A STOP, IT IS NEARLY INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE TRASH SURROUNDING IT.
SKKRMMM!
REMIND ME TO GIVE THE AUTO-PILOT A RAISE.
DANIEL?
I'M OKAY... EVEN THOUGH I'M ONLY HUMAN, THAT WAS BETTER THAN THE ROLLERCOASTER AT FUNWORLD.

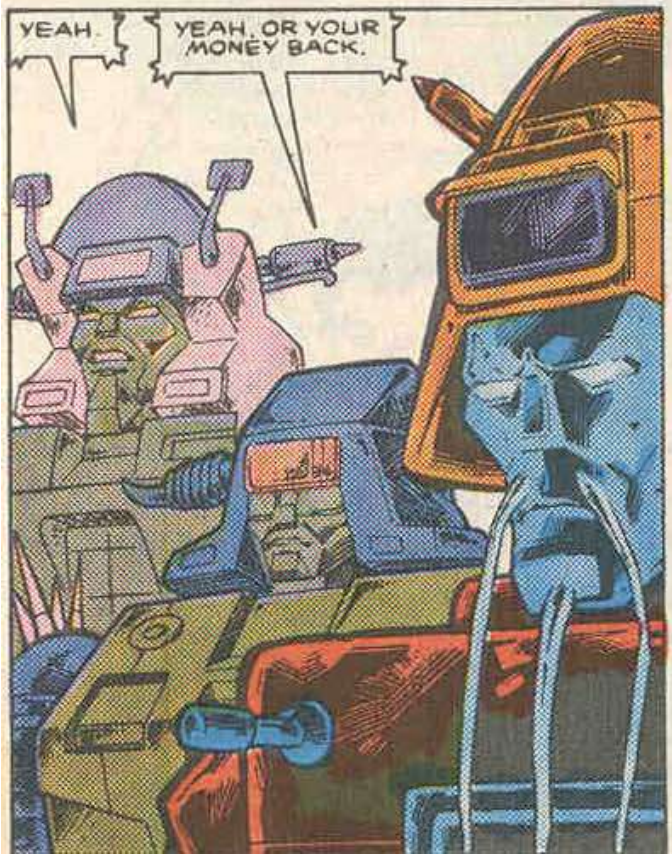
AS THE OTHERS STRAIGHTEN THEMSELVES, THE EVER-CURIOUS AUTOBOT SCIENTIST PERCEPTOR SEATS HIMSELF AT THE NEAREST COMPUTER CONSOLE.
THE COMPOSITION OF THIS PLANET SEEMS TO BE A CHAOTIC AMALGAM OF DISCARDED FERROUS AND NON-FERROUS ARTICULATIONS.
GIVE IT TO ME STRAIGHT.
HE MEANS THE PLANET'S MADE OF JUNK.
YEP. THIS DUMP IS A DUMP.
CAN I HELP, TOO, SPRINGER?
IT'S ROUGH OUT THERE, DANIEL.* STAY INSIDE AND PLAY WITH CRAYONS OR SOMETHING.
*DANIEL IS A YOUNG HUMAN WHO HAS BEFRIENDED THE AUTOBOTS--BOB.
I THINK DANIEL CAN MAKE HIMSELF USEFUL WITH... THIS! IT WAS SPIKE'S* EXO-SUIT.
WOW! DAD'S EXO-SUIT! HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT!
*SPIKE IS A HUMAN FRIEND AND ALLY OF THE AUTOBOTS... AND FATHER OF DANIEL--BOB.
KLIK!
KLIK!
JUST THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU WANT TO DO BEFORE YOU DO IT.
DON'T FIGHT IT, DAN-O.

UH OH! IT'S KIND OF TRICKY!
WHOA!
YIKES!
BONK
LET ME...
...GIVE THIS...
...ONE MORE...
...TRY.
OKAY. I THINK I'VE GOT IT.
FOR THE FIRST TIME OUT, YOU WERE GREAT.
HEY, SHOW-TIME'S OVER! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO. LET'S MOVE OUT!
EXIT

THIS MUST BE THE JUNK CAPITAL OF THE UNIVERSE.
LET'S JUST HOPE THERE'S ENOUGH OF SOMETHING--ANYTHING--ON THIS PLANET TO GET THE SHUTTLE REPAIRED, LAD.


AS THE AUTOBOTS BEGIN TO SEARCH FOR REPAIR PARTS, SINISTER SHAPES RISE AROUND THEM... UNNOTICED, AT FIRST, BY THE BUSY CREW.

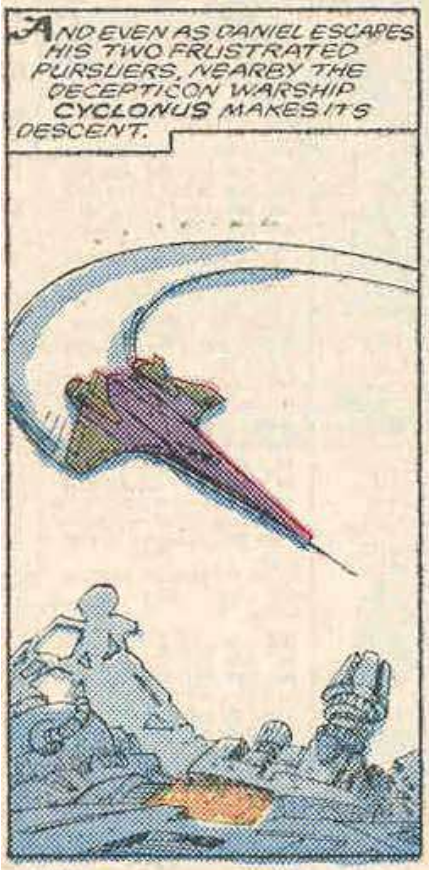

STOP, THIEF! NO WELCOME-WAGON, "HELLO, STRANGER!" WITH THAT GOOD COFFEE FLAVOR.
I AM WRECK-GAR, SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

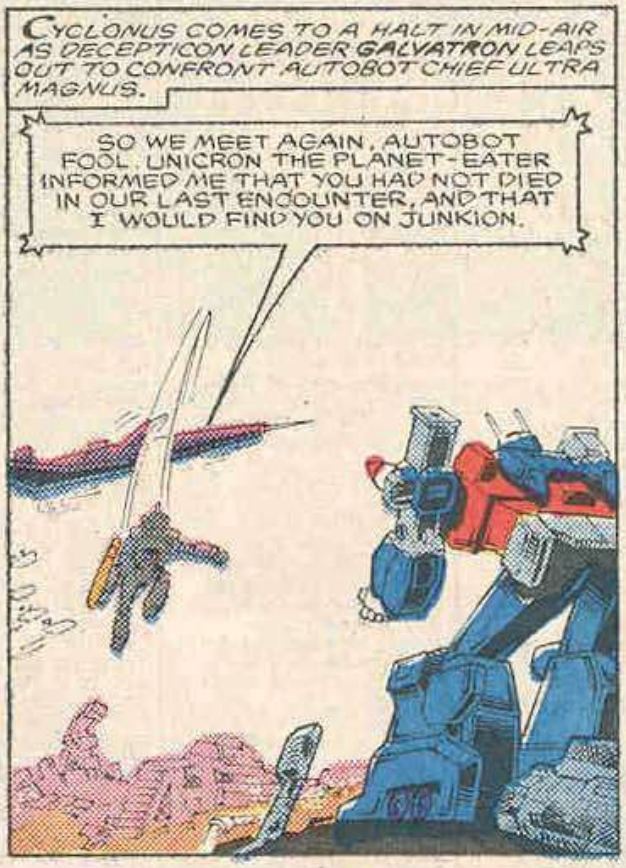

YEAH.
YEAH, OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

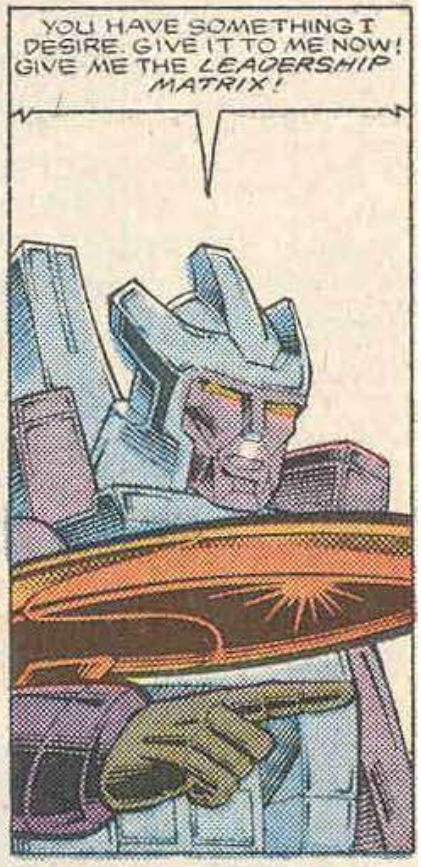
BRING FORTH THE JUNK GUN. OFFER EXPIRES WHILE YOU WAIT. OPERATORS ARE STANDING BY.

FORWARD AVANTI, APFEL AND LIKE, GO FOR GUSTO!
HUH? WHAT THAT?
HANG ON, JUNKIONS! THIS BE INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH! WE WATCH.
DECEPTICONS! WE'VE GOT TO DRAW THEM OFF AND THEN DOUBLE-BACK TO THE SHUTTLE!
SPUUMMM
SPUUMMM!
UH-OH! WHAT DO I DO NOW?
HUMAN GERM! LET US KILL HIM SLOWLY, SHRAPNEL!
I AGREE COMPLETELY, SCAVENGER!
ONLY ONE THING TO DO! TRY AUTO MODE!
WHAT?! HE IS ESCAPING-- STOP HIM!
I'LL GRAB HIM IF I CAN!
BYE-BYE, FELLAS! I PROMISE TO DRIVE SAFELY, SO DON'T WORRY.

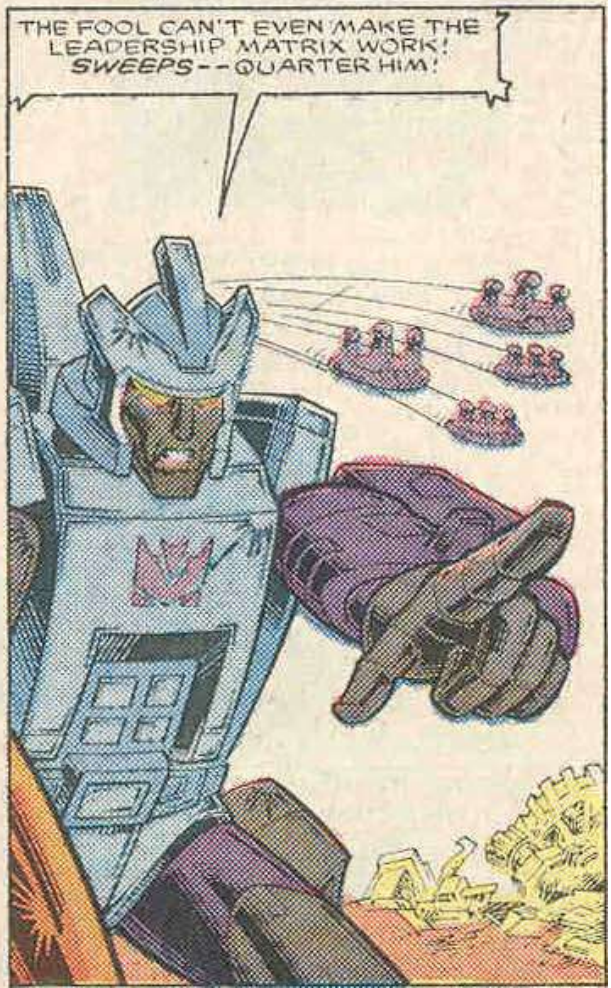
VVVRRROOOMMMMMMM!
BOY! IF ONLY DAD COULD SEE ME NOW!

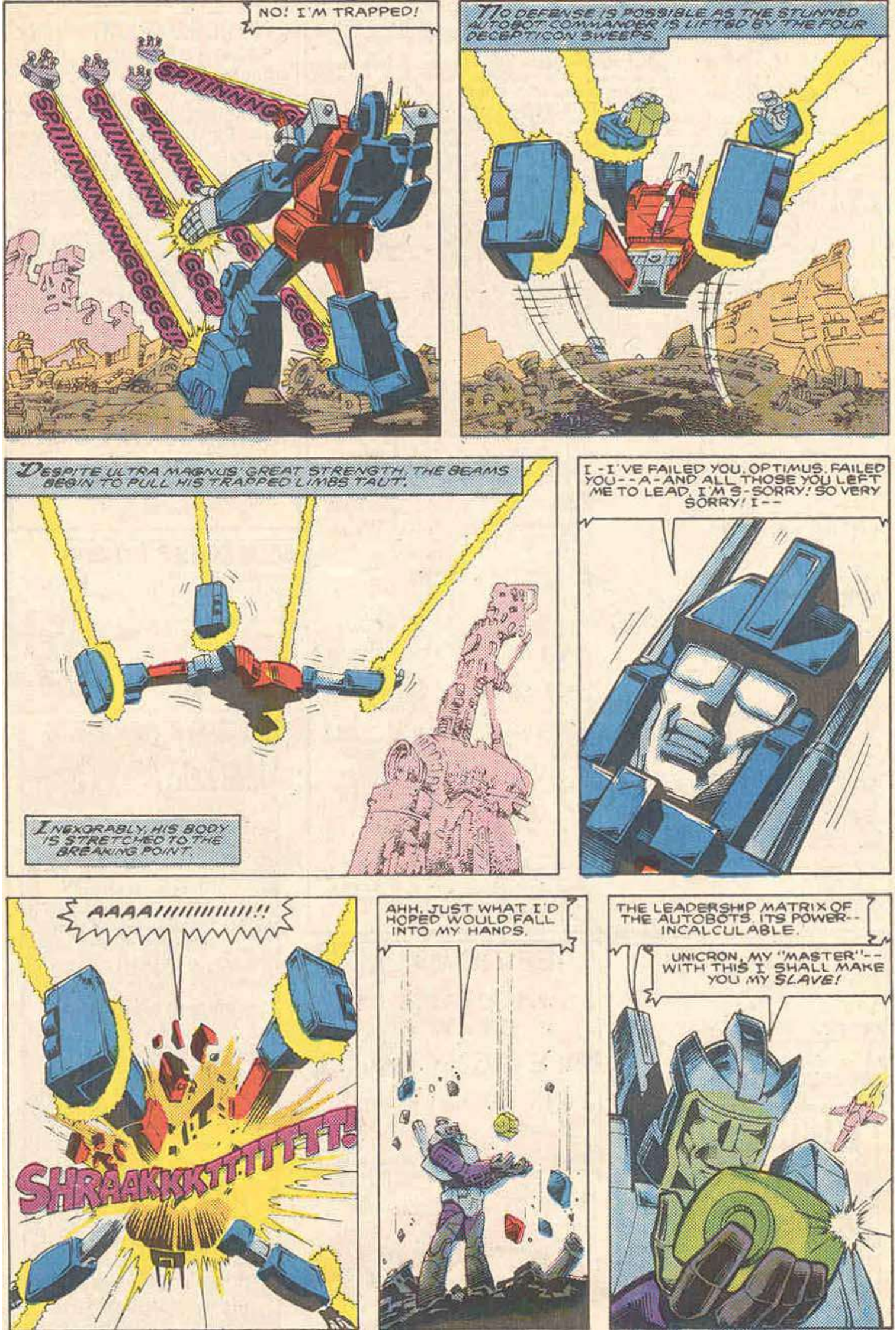

AND EVEN AS DANIEL ESCAPES HIS TWO FRUSTRATED PURSUERS, NEARBY THE DECEPTICON WARSHIP CYCLONUS MAKES ITS DESCENT.

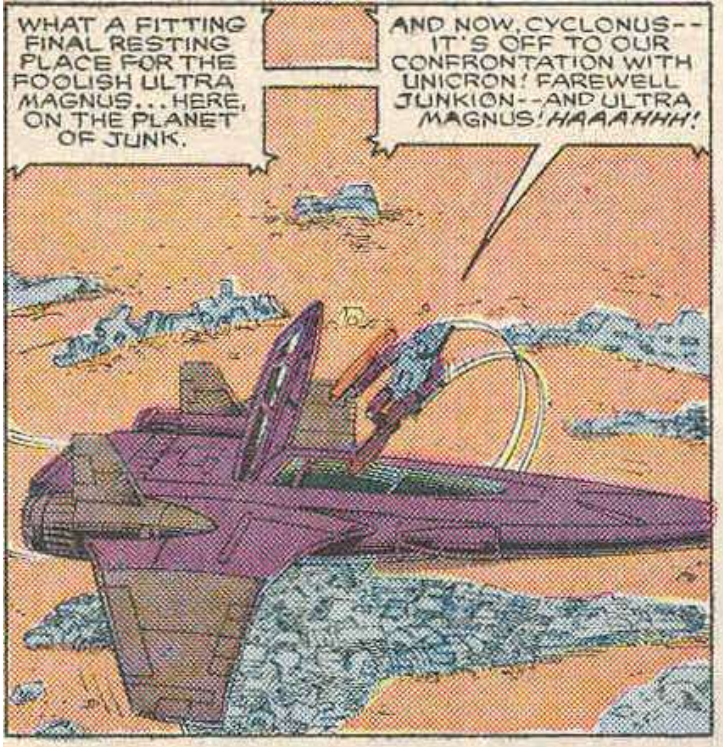

CYCLONUS COMES TO A HALT IN MID-AIR AS DECEPTICON LEADER GALVATRON LEAPS OUT TO CONFRONT AUTOBOT CHIEF ULTRA MAGNUS.
SO WE MEET AGAIN, AUTOBOT FOOL. UNICRON THE PLANET-EATER INFORMED ME THAT YOU HAD NOT DIED IN OUR LAST ENCOUNTER, AND THAT I WOULD FIND YOU ON JUNKION.


YOU HAVE SOMETHING I DESIRE. GIVE IT TO ME NOW! GIVE ME THE LEADERSHIP MATRIX!

THE MATRIX--AN AUTOBOT OBJECT OF UNBELIEVABLE POWER THAT WAS RECENTLY PASSED ON TO ULTRA MAGNUS BY THE LATE AUTOBOT LEADER, OPTIMUS PRIME.
WHY WON'T THE MATRIX OPEN? PRIME SAID THE MATRIX WOULD LIGHT OUR DARKEST HOUR. AND NOW I CAN'T EVEN REMOVE IT FROM ITS CASING!

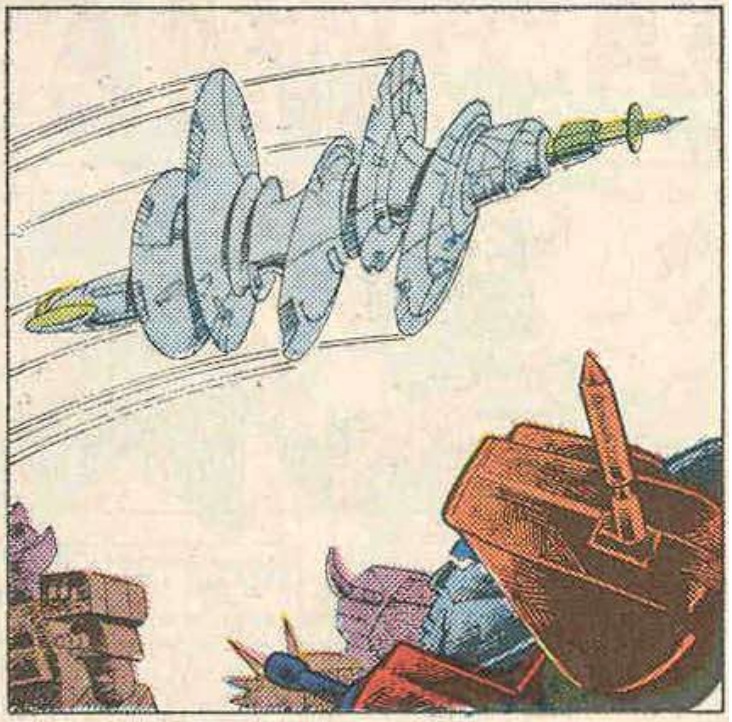

THE FOOL CAN'T EVEN MAKE THE LEADERSHIP MATRIX WORK! SWEEPS--QUARTER HIM!


NO! I'M TRAPPED!
SPINNNG
SPINNNNN
SPINNNG
SPINNNNNNGGGGGR
GGGG
GGGG
NO DEFENSE IS POSSIBLE AS THE STUNNED AUTOBOT COMMANDER IS LIFTED BY THE FOUR DECEPTICON SWEEPS.
DESPITE ULTRA MAGNUS' GREAT STRENGTH, THE BEAMS BEGIN TO PULL HIS TRAPPED LIMBS TAUT.
INEXORABLY, HIS BODY IS STRETCHED TO THE BREAKING POINT.
I - I'VE FAILED YOU, OPTIMUS. FAILED YOU - - A - AND ALL THOSE YOU LEFT ME TO LEAD. I'M S - SORRY! SO VERY SORRY! I - -
AAAAIIIIIIIIIIII!!
SHRAAKKKTTTTTTT!
AHH, JUST WHAT I'D HOPED WOULD FALL INTO MY HANDS.
THE LEADERSHIP MATRIX OF THE AUTOBOTS. ITS POWER - - INCALCULABLE.
UNICRON, MY "MASTER" - - WITH THIS I SHALL MAKE YOU MY SLAVE!


WHAT A FITTING FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR THE FOOLISH ULTRA MAGNUS... HERE, ON THE PLANET OF JUNK.
AND NOW, CYCLONUS--IT'S OFF TO OUR CONFRONTATION WITH UNICRON! FAREWELL JUNKION--AND ULTRA MAGNUS! HAAAHHH!

LOOK, BLUR--ULTRA MAGNUS!
AND GALVATRON TOOK THE MATRIX WITH HIM! WITHOUT IT, THERE IS NO HOPE. NO HOPE AT ALL.

DON'T LOOK BEHIND DOOR NUMBER TWO, MONTY! IT'S TIME TO PLAY END-OF-THE LINE - MY VALENTINE!



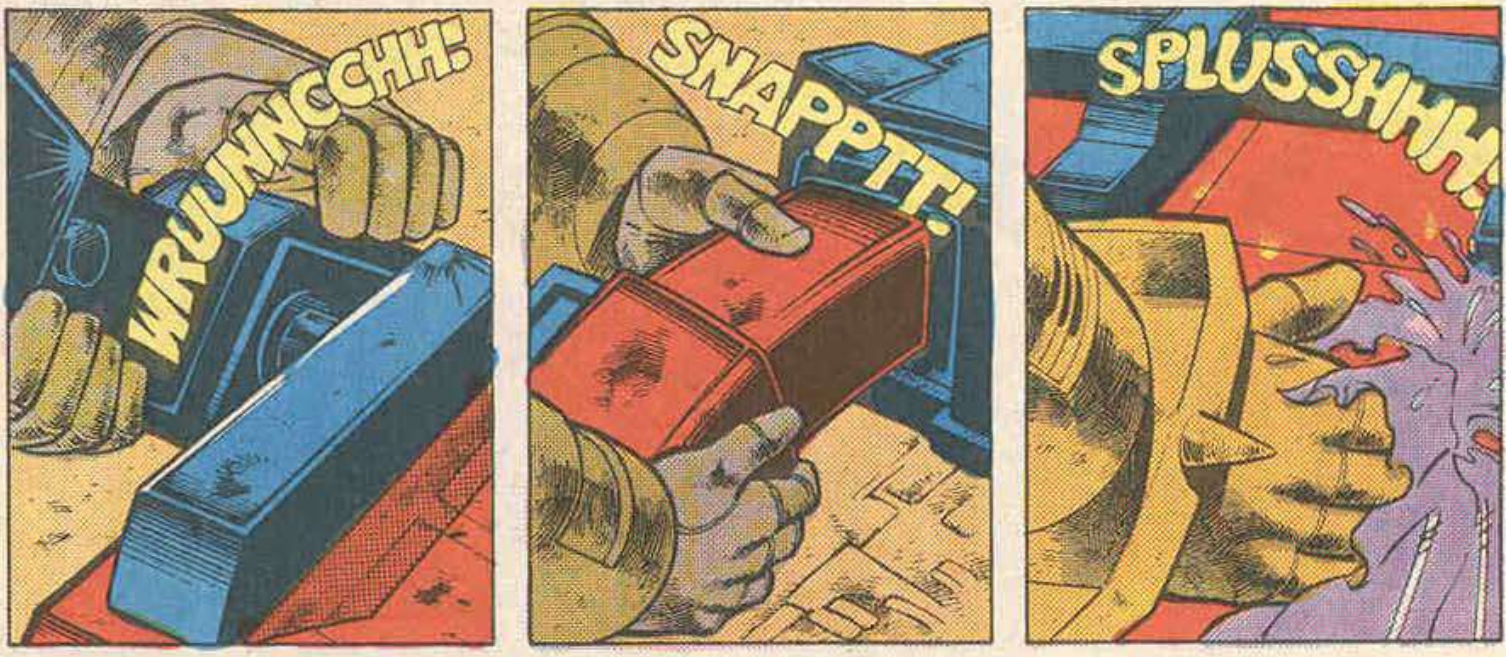
NOT SINCE THE CROCODILLOS OF STRONTEROM HAVE I SEEN SUCH A SIGHT, GRIMLOCK!
MAYBE THEY MAKE ME KING, TOO, KUP!
DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH, YOUR MAJESTY.

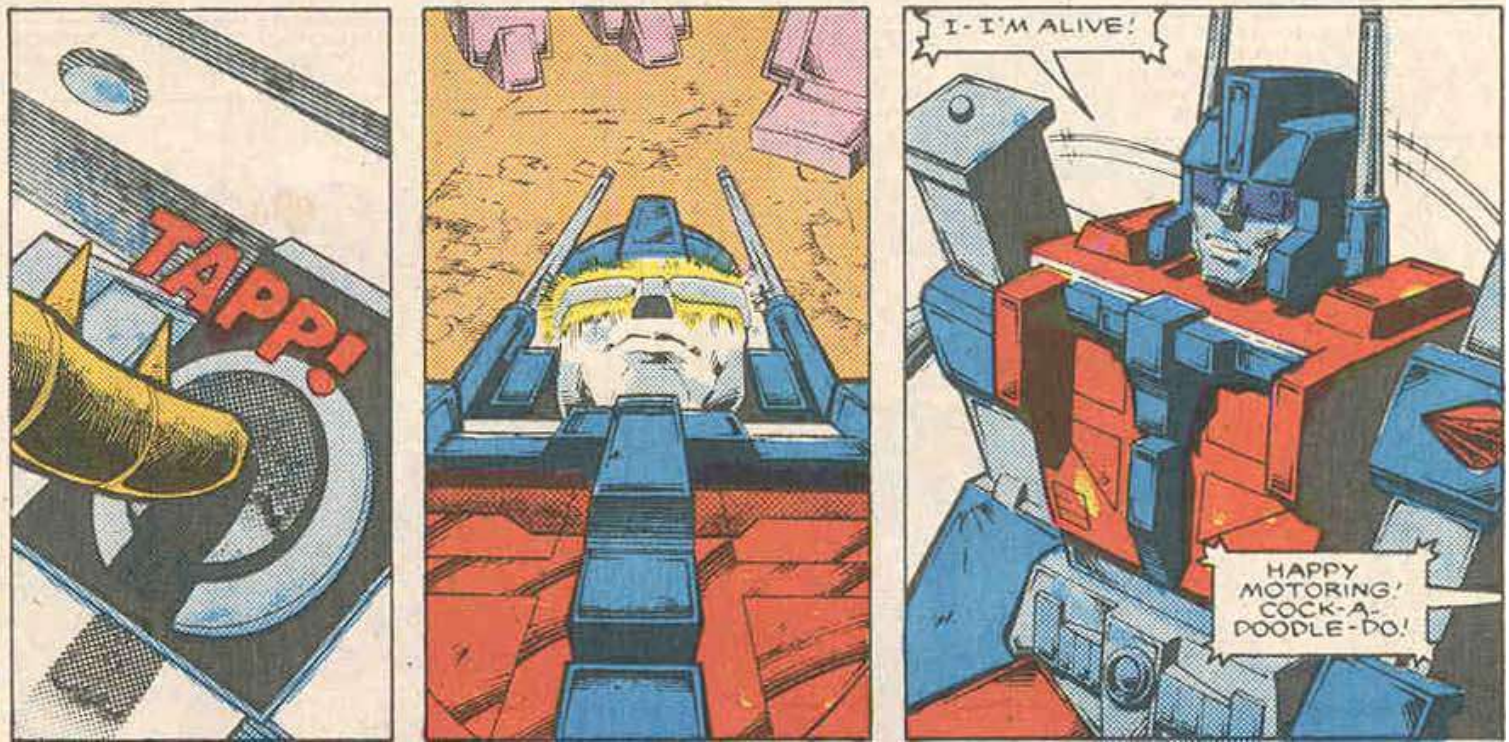
STEADY AS SHE GOES, MOB! SNOOPY VISITORS GET MUD IN THE EYE AND BYE BYE, AND FILM AT ELEVEN!

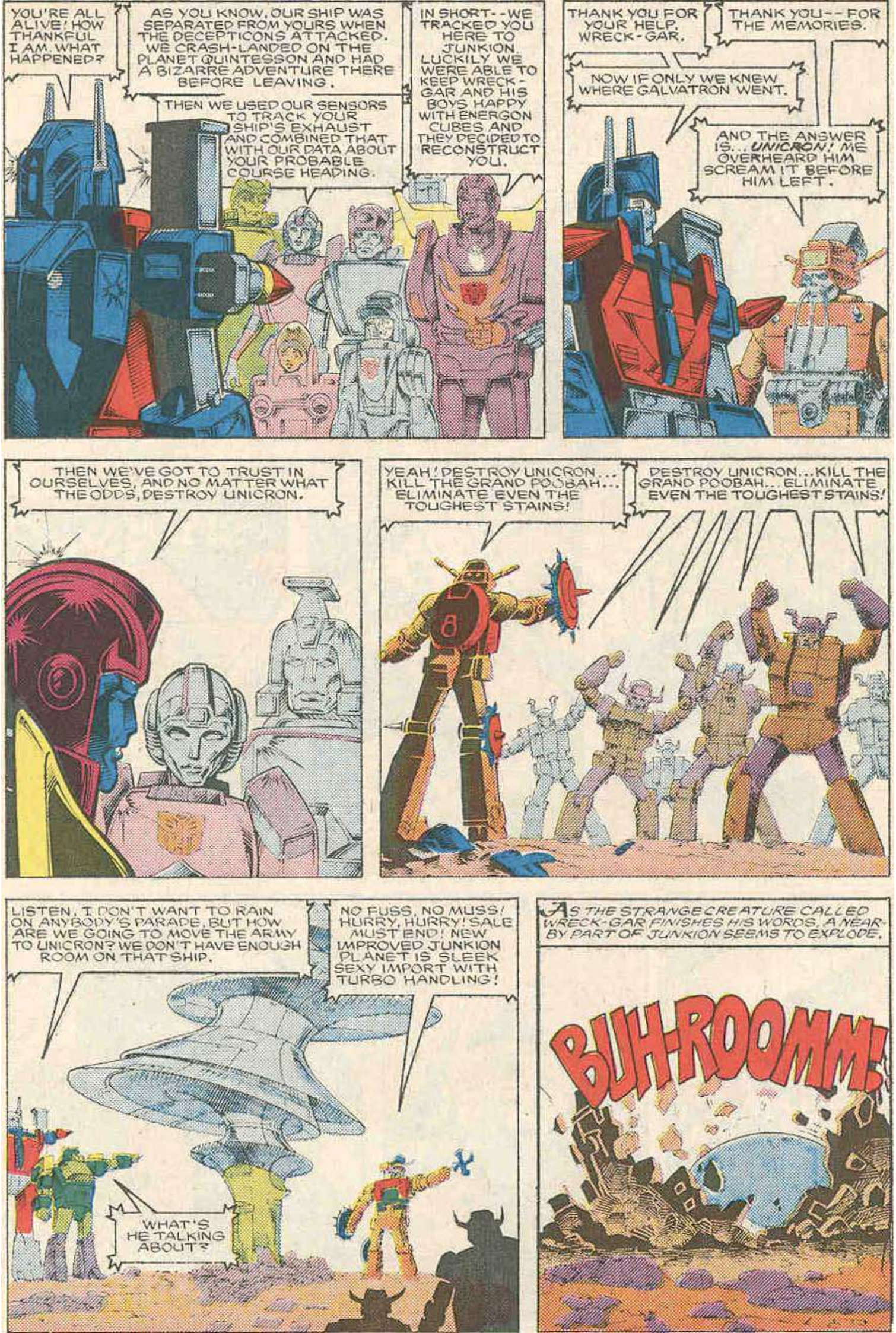
LOOKS LIKE WE CALCULATED ULTRA MAGNUS' SHIP'S TRAJECTORY CORRECTLY, KUP. I SEE THEM JUST OVER THERE.
WHEN WE GOT SEPARATED FROM THEIR VESSEL DURING THE DECEPTICON ATTACK IN SPACE, I NEVER BELIEVED WE'D SEE THEM AGAIN. HOT ROD.*
*SEE ISSUE #2 FOR DETAILS -- BOB.
THESE GUYS DON'T LOOK FRIENDLY--AND WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED. MAYBE IF WE SMILE AND GIVE THEM SOME OF THESE TASTY ENERGON CUBES WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE IN ONE PIECE.
NOW IF I CAN ONLY REMEMBER THE UNIVERSAL GREETING. HMMMMMM.
BAH WEEP GRAAAGNAH WHEEP NI NI BONG.
BAH WEEP GRAAAAGNAH WHEEP NI NI BONG?
BAH WEEP GRAAAAGNAH WHEEP NI NI BONG?
BAH WEEP GRAAAGNAH WHEEP NI NI BONG!
WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO TALK LIKE THAT?
ME SHOW YOU FRIEND WITH TASTY STICKS.
T.V. WE TALK T.V. YOU TALK SOME T.V.?
I TALK SOME T.V. AND NOW THE NEWS. DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL.
VOID WHERE PROHIBITED.

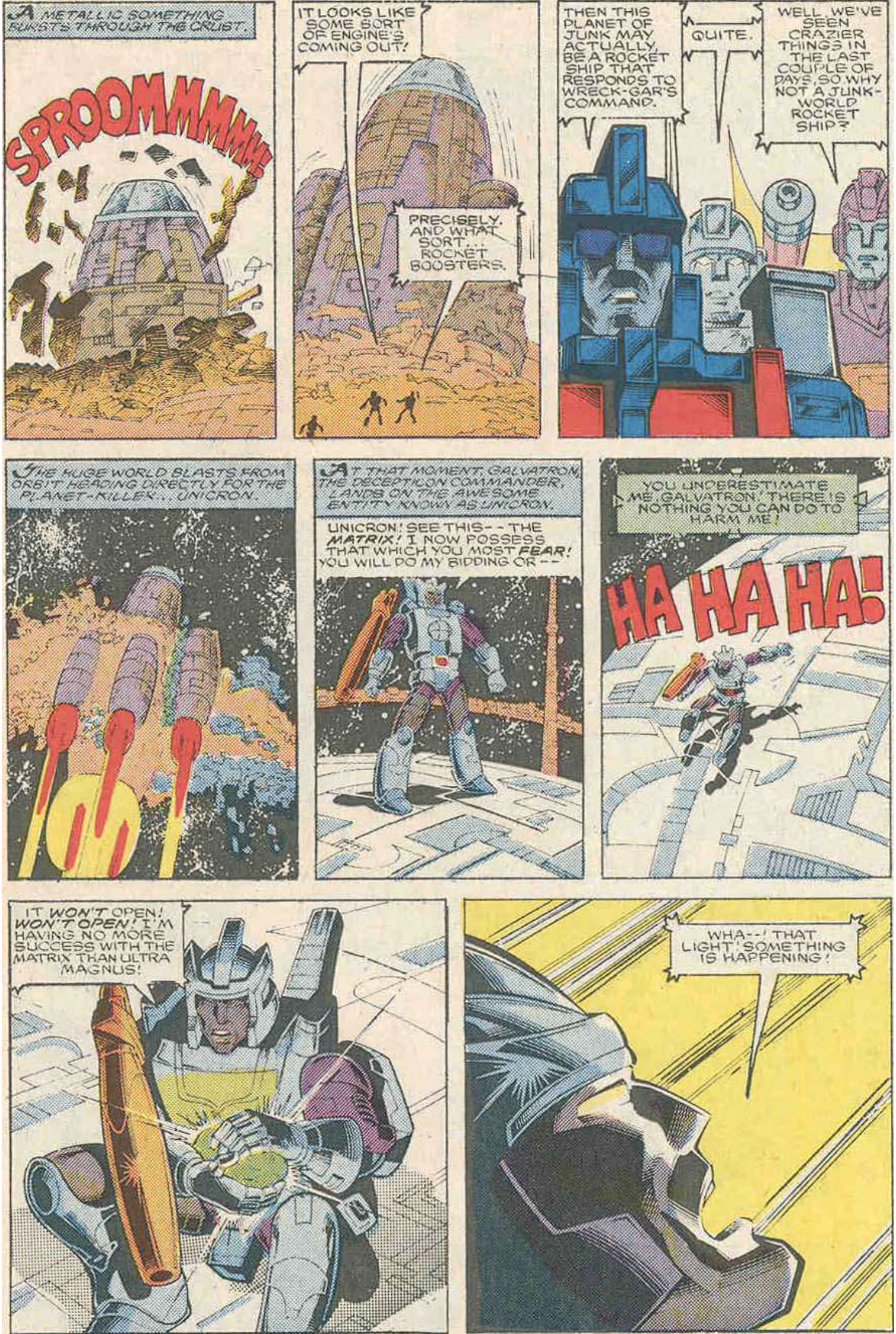
BY GEORGE KIMOSABES, WE HELP YOU. YOUR SMASHED UP, BLOTTO FRIEND, SOON LIKE BRAND NEW WITH NINETY-DAY WARRANTY.
WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT, HOT ROD?
NOT THE SLIGHTEST IDEA, KUP.
AT A COMMAND FROM WRECK-GAR, THE JUNKIONS GATHER THE SHATTERED LIMBS AND TORSO OF ULTRA MAGNUS.

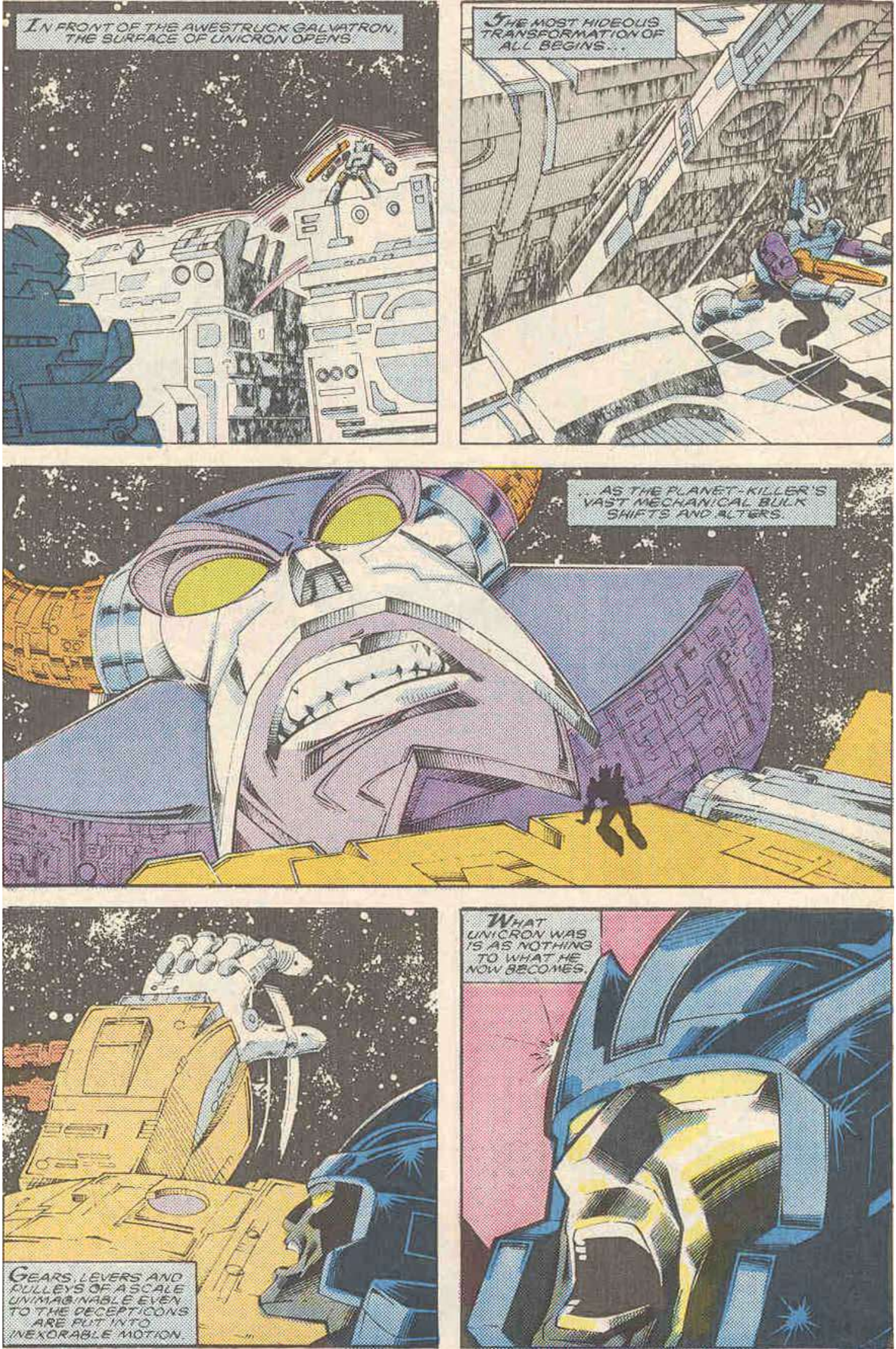
EXPERTLY, JUNKION HANDS RE-ATTACH THE VIOLENTLY SNAPPED PARTS OF ULTRA MAGNUS WHILE THE AUTOBOTS LOOK ON IN DISBELIEF.

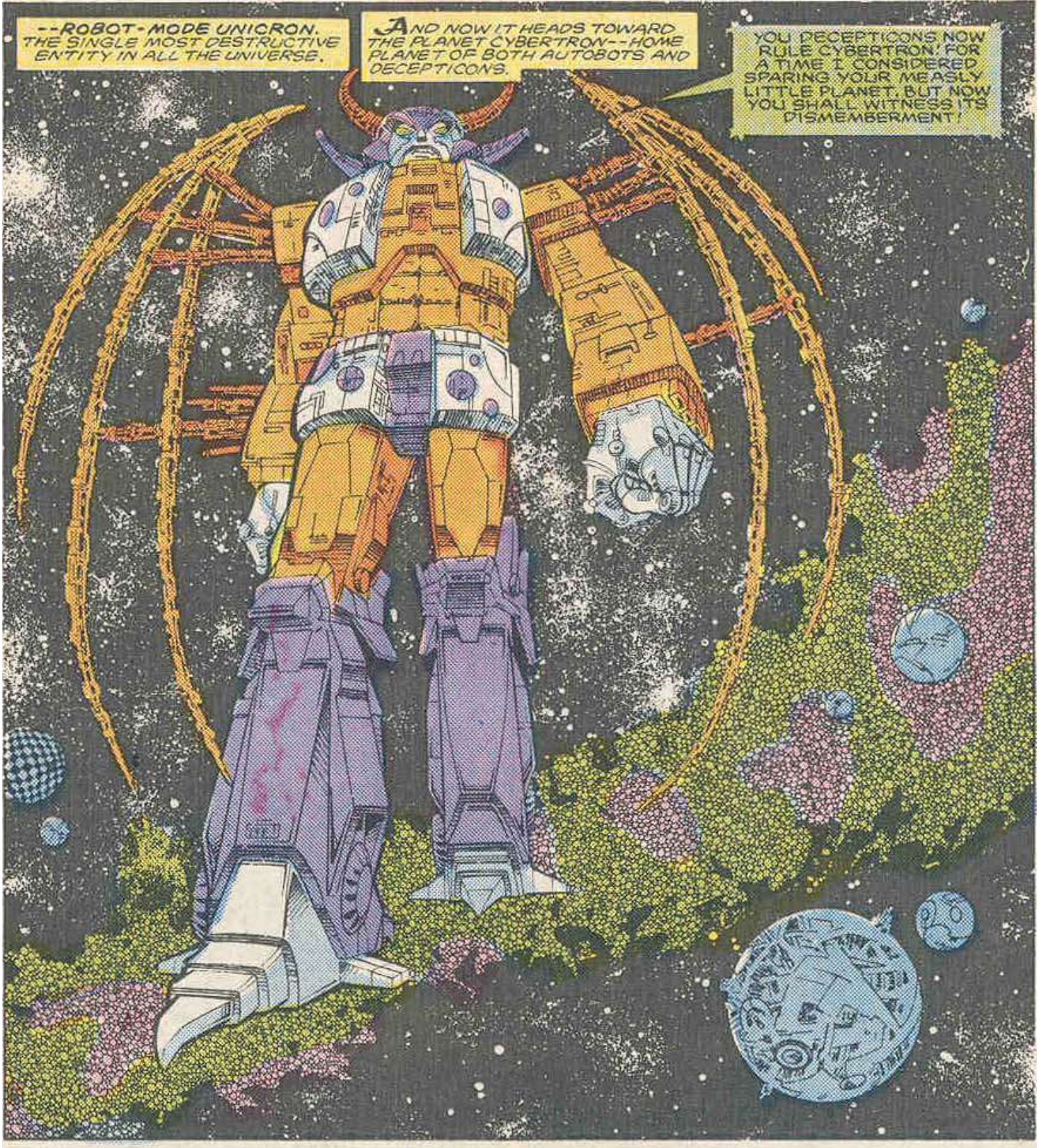


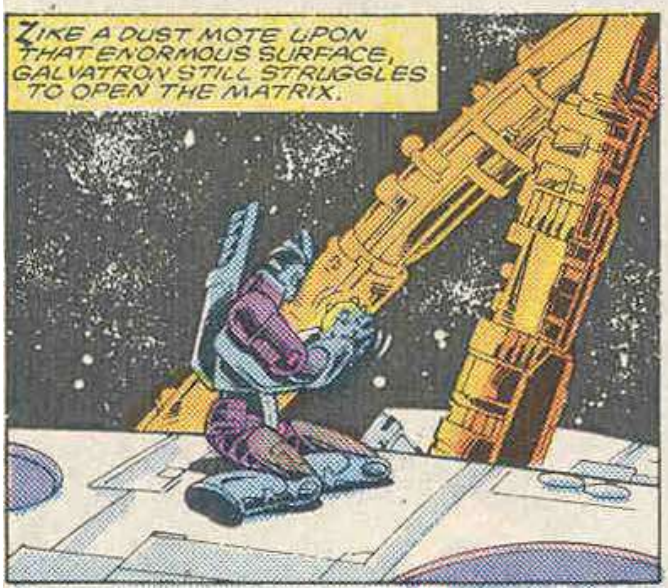



YOU'RE ALL ALIVE! HOW THANKFUL I AM. WHAT HAPPENED?
AS YOU KNOW, OUR SHIP WAS SEPARATED FROM YOURS WHEN THE DECEPTICONS ATTACKED. WE CRASH-LANDED ON THE PLANET QUINTESSON AND HAD A BIZARRE ADVENTURE THERE BEFORE LEAVING.
THEN WE USED OUR SENSORS TO TRACK YOUR SHIP'S EXHAUST AND COMBINED THAT WITH OUR DATA ABOUT YOUR PROBABLE COURSE HEADING.
IN SHORT--WE TRACKED YOU HERE TO JUNKION. LUCKILY WE WERE ABLE TO KEEP WRECK-GAR AND HIS BOYS HAPPY WITH ENERGON CUBES AND THEY DECIDED TO RECONSTRUCT YOU.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP, WRECK-GAR.
THANK YOU--FOR THE MEMORIES.
NOW IF ONLY WE KNEW WHERE GALVATRON WENT.
AND THE ANSWER IS...UNICRON! ME OVERHEARD HIM SCREAM IT BEFORE HIM LEFT.
THEN WE'VE GOT TO TRUST IN OURSELVES, AND NO MATTER WHAT THE ODDS, DESTROY UNICRON.
YEAH! DESTROY UNICRON... KILL THE GRAND POOBAH... ELIMINATE EVEN THE TOUGHEST STAINS!
DESTROY UNICRON...KILL THE GRAND POOBAH... ELIMINATE EVEN THE TOUGHEST STAINS!
LISTEN, I DON'T WANT TO RAIN ON ANYBODY'S PARADE, BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO MOVE THE ARMY TO UNICRON? WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH ROOM ON THAT SHIP.
NO FUSS, NO MUSS! HURRY, HURRY! SALE MUST END! NEW IMPROVED JUNKION PLANET IS SLEEK SEXY IMPORT WITH TURBO HANDLING!
WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?
AS THE STRANGE CREATURE CALLED WRECK-GAR FINISHES HIS WORDS, A NEARBY PART OF JUNKION SEEMS TO EXPLODE.
BUH-ROOMM!


A METALLIC SOMETHING BURSTS THROUGH THE CRUST.
SPROOMMMMM!
IT LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF ENGINE'S COMING OUT!
PRECISELY. AND WHAT SORT... ROCKET BOOSTERS.
THEN THIS PLANET OF JUNK MAY ACTUALLY BE A ROCKET SHIP THAT RESPONDS TO WRECK-GAR'S COMMAND.
QUITE.
WELL, WE'VE SEEN CRAZIER THINGS IN THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS, SO WHY NOT A JUNK-WORLD ROCKET SHIP?
THE HUGE WORLD BLASTS FROM ORBIT HEADING DIRECTLY FOR THE PLANET-KILLER... UNICRON.
AT THAT MOMENT, GALVATRON, THE DECEPTICON COMMANDER, LANDS ON THE AWESOME ENTITY KNOWN AS UNICRON.
UNICRON! SEE THIS--THE MATRIX! I NOW POSSESS THAT WHICH YOU MOST FEAR! YOU WILL DO MY BIDDING OR--
YOU UNDERESTIMATE ME, GALVATRON! THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO HARM ME!
HA HA HA!
IT WON'T OPEN! WON'T OPEN! I'M HAVING NO MORE SUCCESS WITH THE MATRIX THAN ULTRA MAGNUS!
WHA--! THAT LIGHT! SOMETHING IS HAPPENING!

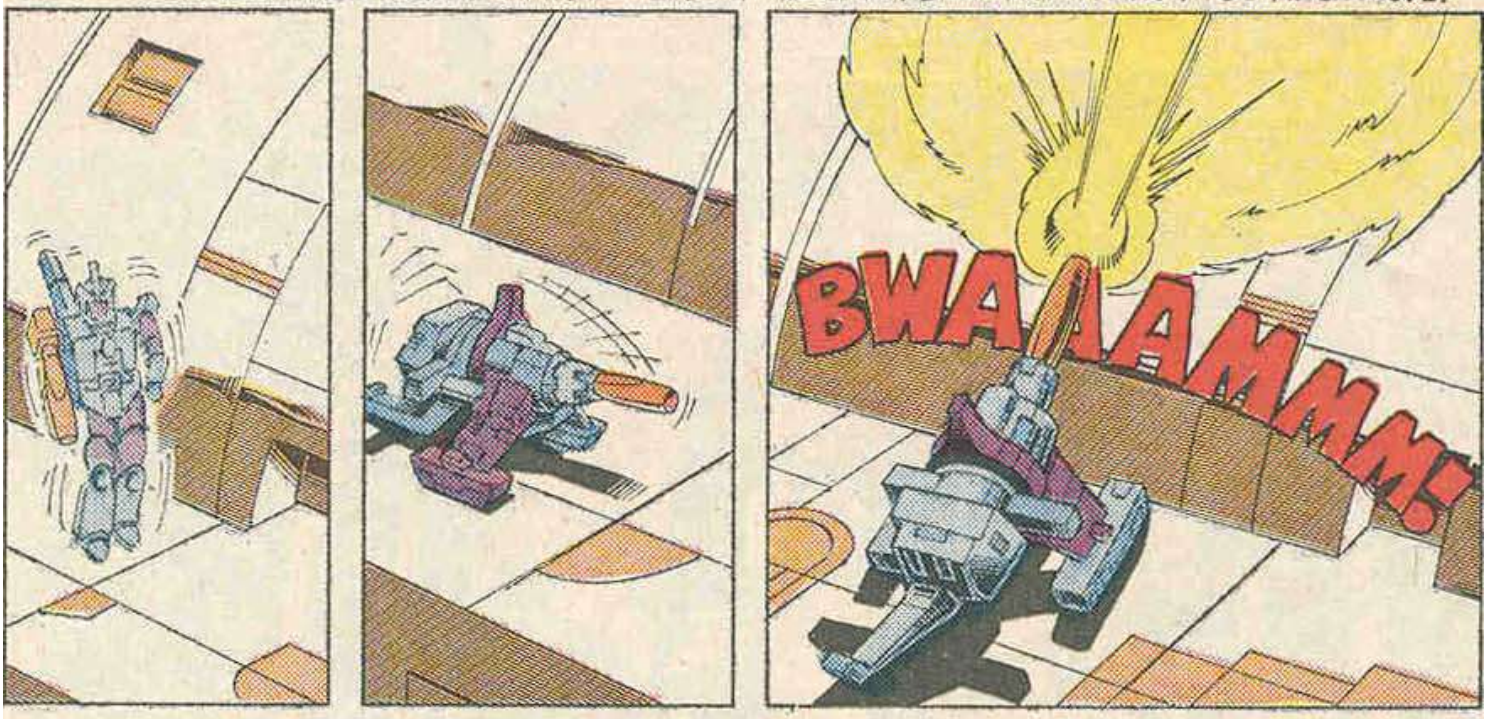

IN FRONT OF THE AWESTRUCK GALVATRON, THE SURFACE OF UNICRON OPENS
THE MOST HIDEOUS TRANSFORMATION OF ALL BEGINS...
...AS THE PLANET-KILLER'S VAST MECHANICAL BULK SHIFTS AND ALTERS.
GEARS, LEVERS AND PULLEYS OF A SCALE UNIMAGINABLE EVEN TO THE DECEPTICONS ARE PUT INTO INEXORABLE MOTION.
WHAT UNICRON WAS IS AS NOTHING TO WHAT HE NOW BECOMES.

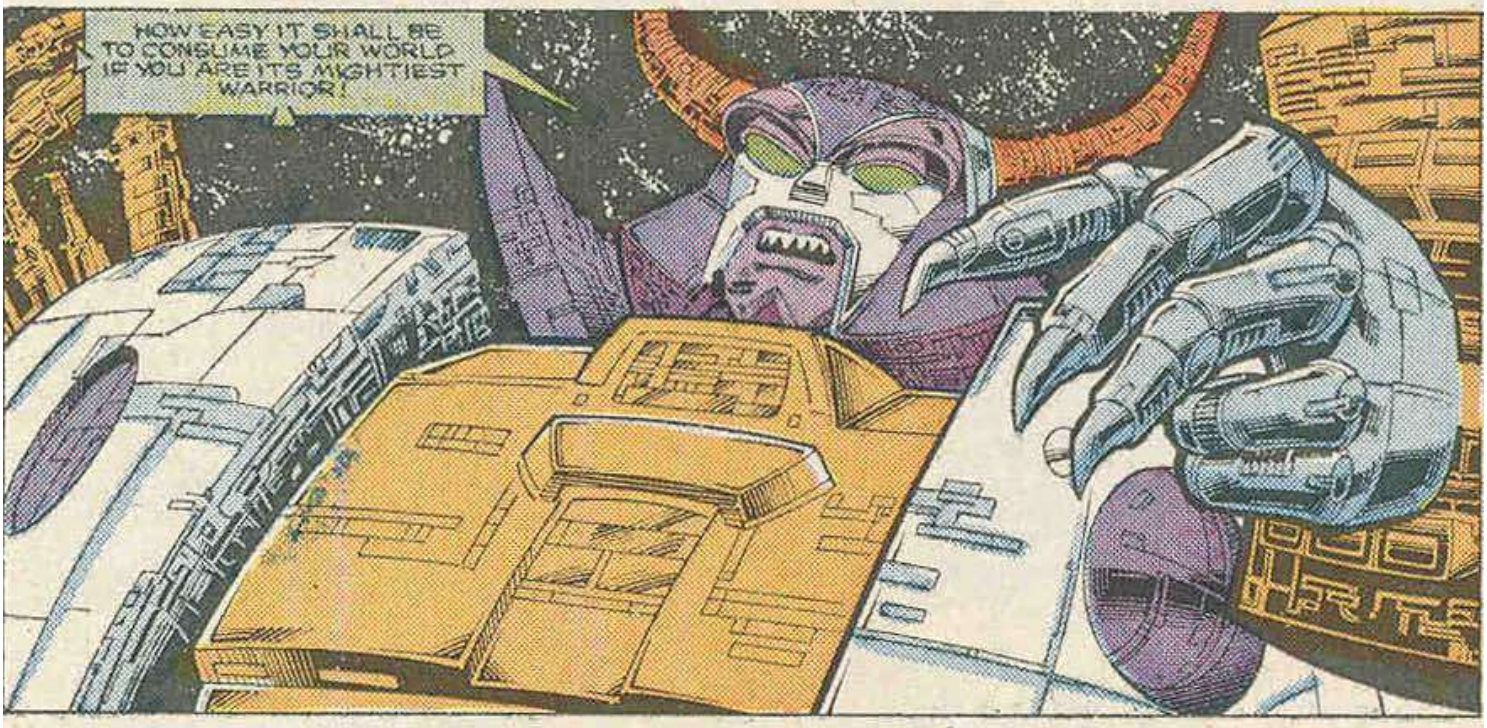

--ROBOT-MODE UNICRON. THE SINGLE MOST DESTRUCTIVE ENTITY IN ALL THE UNIVERSE.
AND NOW IT HEADS TOWARD THE PLANET CYBERTRON--HOME PLANET OF BOTH AUTOBOTS AND DECEPTICONS.
YOU DECEPTICONS NOW RULE CYBERTRON! FOR A TIME I CONSIDERED SPARING YOUR MEASLY LITTLE PLANET. BUT NOW YOU SHALL WITNESS ITS DISMEMBERMENT!

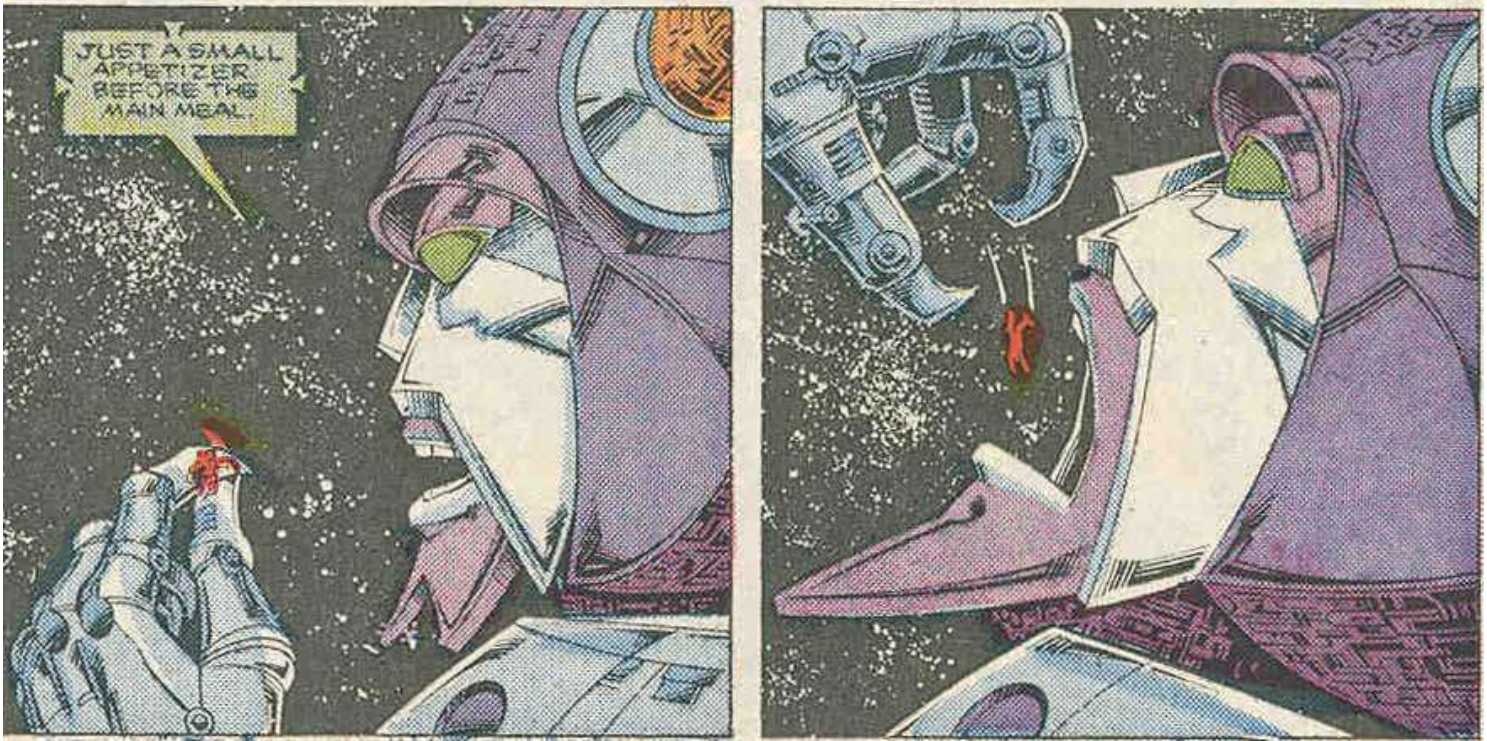

LIKE A DUST MOTE UPON THAT ENORMOUS SURFACE, GALVATRON STILL STRUGGLES TO OPEN THE MATRIX.

A PITY YOU SHALL NOT LIVE TO SEE CYBERTRON'S DESTRUCTION.

IN A FINAL, DESPERATE MOVE, GALVATRON STRIKES AT HIS ENEMY BY TRANSFORMING INTO CANNON MODE.





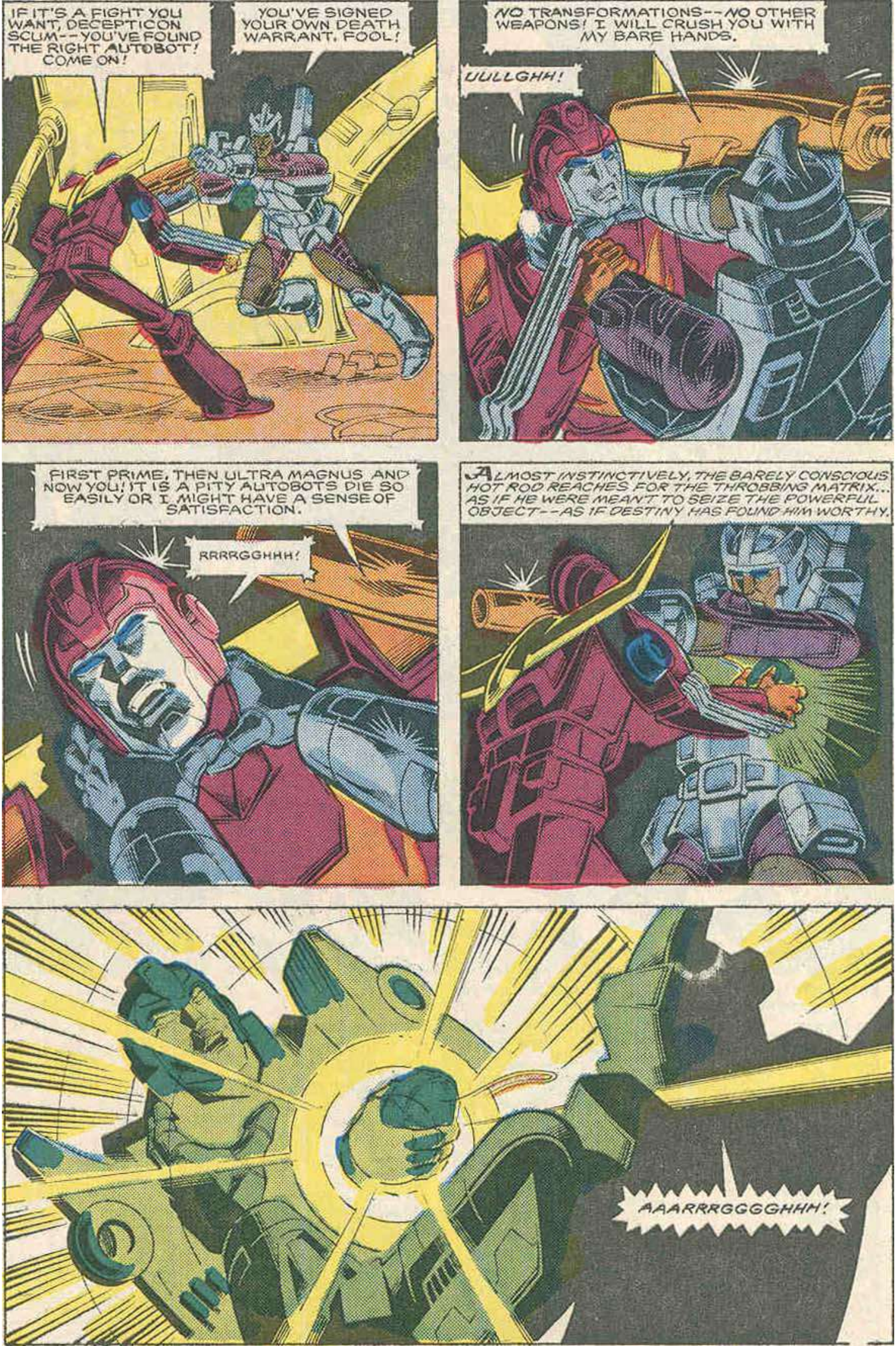


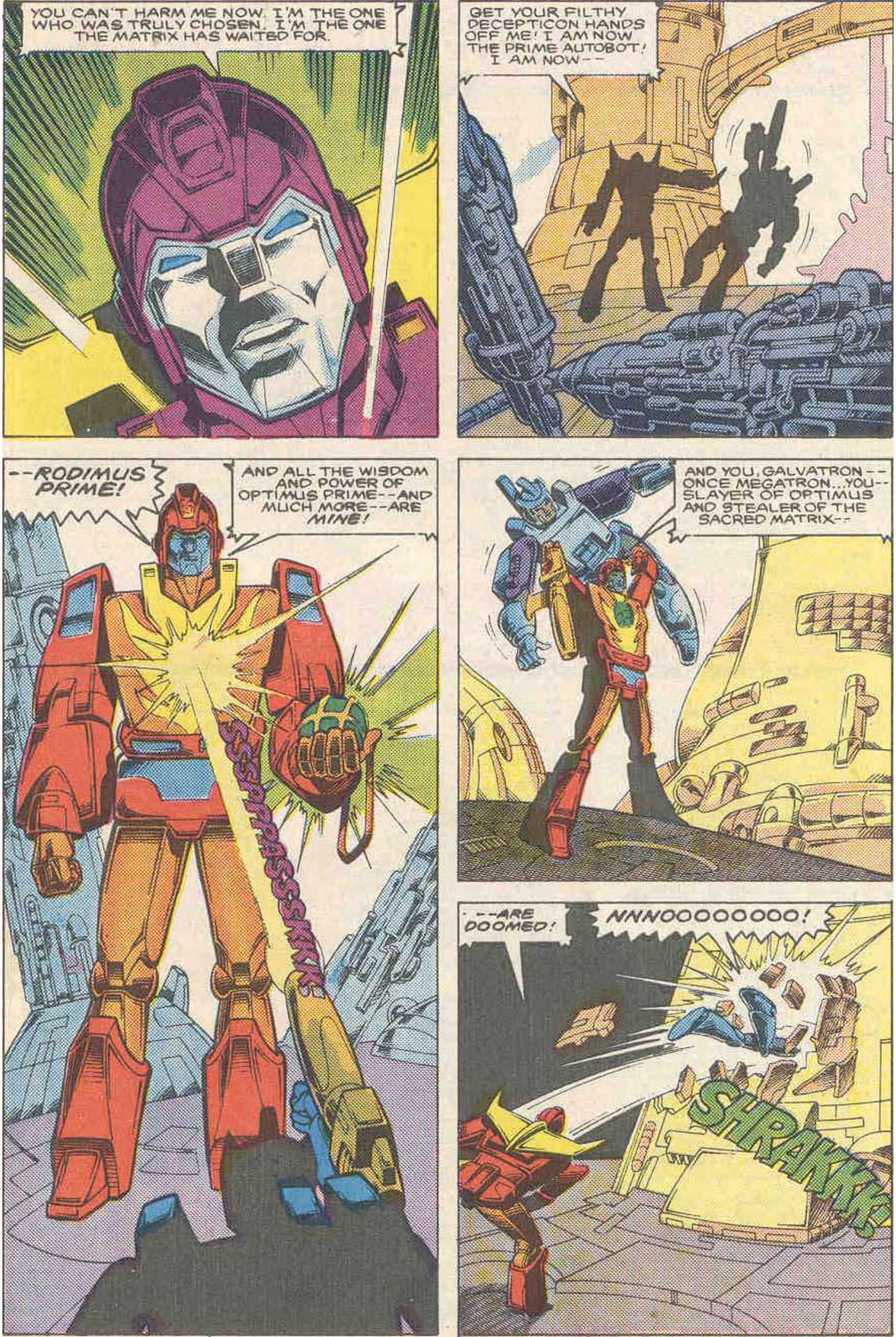
ON THE SURFACE OF CYBERTRON, THE DECEPTICONS MOBILIZE, PREPARING TO LAUNCH AN ATTACK AGAINST THE MAMMOTH UNICRON. AND IN THE ABSENCE OF GALVATRON, **SHOCKWAVE** LEADS THE DECEPTICONS TO BATTLE.

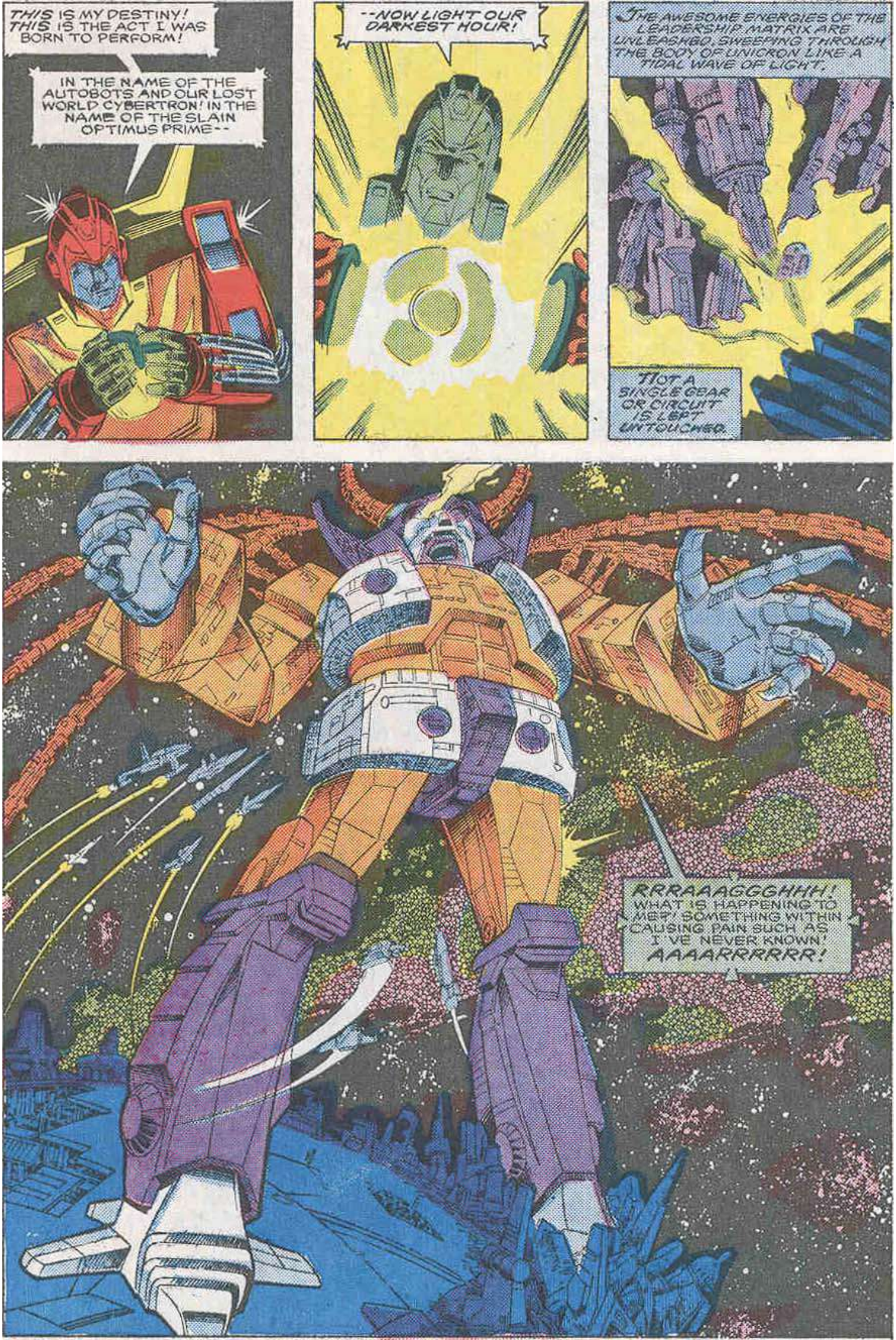
ALL THE WEAPONRY OF CYBERTRON IS PUT INTO THE STRUGGLE AGAINST UNICRON.
BUT THE ASSAULT IS UTTERLY FUTILE.
WHOOM!
BUH-WHOOM!

TI BARING THE SCENE OF CARNAGE ARE THE AUTOBOTS ABOARD BOTH THE MASSIVE JUNKION SHIP AND THE QUINTESSON CRUISER.
DOESN'T THIS REMIND YOU OF SOMETHING, KUP?
NOPE, NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE.
I KNEW THERE HAD TO BE A FIRST TIME. OKAY--BATTLE STATIONS.
BOTHERSOME FLEAS! NOTHING CAN SAVE CYBERTRON--LEAST OF ALL YOU!
WITHOUT WARNING, A RAY FROM UNICRON'S EYE STRIKES THE QUINTESSON SHIP, CUTTING IT IN TWO.
SHRAAKKKT!
THE BEAM DEFLECTS THE CRUISER'S COURSE, HEADING THE SHIP DIRECTLY TOWARD UNICRON'S EYE...
SKRAAASSHH!
RRAAAGGHHH!

THE SHIP'S BREAKING APART! ALL OF YOU--DO WHAT YOU CAN TO GRAB ONTO SOMETHING!
HOT ROD LANDS ATOP SOMETHING SOLID AS THE OTHERS PASS BELOW HIM.
WHOOP!
I HOPE THE OTHERS ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO SNAG SOMETHING BEFORE THEY FALL TOO FAR. IF NOT--WH--WHAT'S THAT?
THE MATRIX OF LEADERSHIP!
INDEED IT IS.
DON'T LOOK SURPRISED. I, TOO, WAS SWALLOWED BY UNICRON, AND I TOO, SURVIVED THE FALL.
YOU ATTEMPTED THE MURDER OF ULTRA MAGNUS--AND STOLE THE MATRIX FROM HIM ON QUINTESSON! I WANT IT BACK--*NOW!*
THEN MY OLD ENEMY SURVIVED MY ATTACK ON HIM. WELL, NO MATTER. YOU'LL FIND THE AUTOBOT MATRIX CANNOT BE OPENED. IT WILL DO YOU NO MORE GOOD THAN IT DID ULTRA MAGNUS.
AND LIKE IT OR NOT, WE ARE ALLIES AGAINST A COMMON FOE. WE MUST--AAAAGGGGHHHHH!
DESTROY HIM, GALVATRON OR YOU YOURSELF SHALL BE OBLITERATED! YOU *MUST* OBEY!


IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT, DECEPTICON SCUM--YOU'VE FOUND THE RIGHT AUTOBOT! COME ON!
YOU'VE SIGNED YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT, FOOL!
NO TRANSFORMATIONS--NO OTHER WEAPONS! I WILL CRUSH YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS.
UULLGHH!
FIRST PRIME, THEN ULTRA MAGNUS AND NOW YOU! IT IS A PITY AUTOBOTS DIE SO EASILY OR I MIGHT HAVE A SENSE OF SATISFACTION.
RRRRGGHHH!
ALMOST INSTINCTIVELY, THE BARELY CONSCIOUS HOT ROD REACHES FOR THE THROBBING MATRIX... AS IF HE WERE MEANT TO SEIZE THE POWERFUL OBJECT--AS IF DESTINY HAS FOUND HIM WORTHY.
AAARRRGGGGHHH!


YOU CAN'T HARM ME NOW. I'M THE ONE WHO WAS TRULY CHOSEN. I'M THE ONE THE MATRIX HAS WAITED FOR.
GET YOUR FILTHY DECEPTICON HANDS OFF ME! I AM NOW THE PRIME AUTOBOT! I AM NOW--
--RODIMUS PRIME!
AND ALL THE WISDOM AND POWER OF OPTIMUS PRIME--AND MUCH MORE--ARE MINE!
SSSPPPRRRSSSKKK
AND YOU, GALVATRON--ONCE MEGATRON...YOU--SLAYER OF OPTIMUS AND STEALER OF THE SACRED MATRIX--
--ARE DOOMED!
NNNOOOOOOOO!
SHRAKK

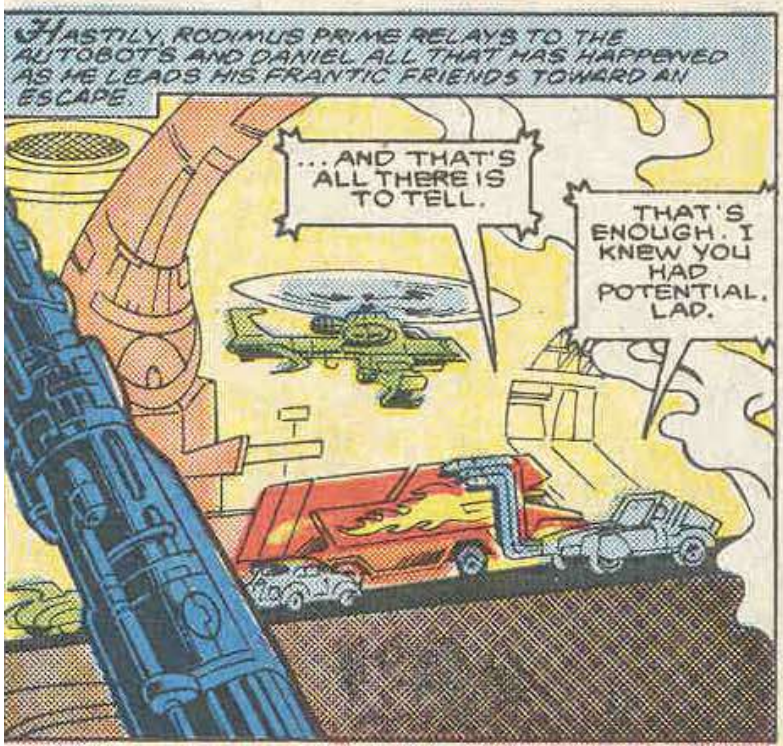

THIS IS MY DESTINY! THIS IS THE ACT I WAS BORN TO PERFORM!
IN THE NAME OF THE AUTOBOTS AND OUR LOST WORLD CYBERTRON! IN THE NAME OF THE SLAIN OPTIMUS PRIME--
--NOW LIGHT OUR DARKEST HOUR!
THE AWESOME ENERGIES OF THE LEADERSHIP MATRIX ARE UNLEASHED, SWEEPING THROUGH THE BODY OF UNICRON LIKE A TIDAL WAVE OF LIGHT.
NOT A SINGLE GEAR OR CIRCUIT IS LEFT UNTOUCHED.
RRRAAAGGGHHH! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?! SOMETHING WITHIN CAUSING PAIN SUCH AS I'VE NEVER KNOWN! AAAARRRRRR!

SSSKKKSTT!
THE PAIN! THE PAIN MUST CEASE! I CANNOT STAND IT ANY LONGER!

THE MATRIX HAS DONE ITS WORK. NOW I MUST LEAVE UNICRON--BUT NOT BEFORE I TRACK DOWN THE OTHER AUTOBOTS HERE!

SENSING THEIR WHEREABOUTS IN A WAY UNKNOWN TO HIM TILL NOW, RODIMUS PRIME FINDS HIS LOST AUTOBOT FRIENDS.
LOOK! SOMEONE'S COMING!
YES! HOT ROD!

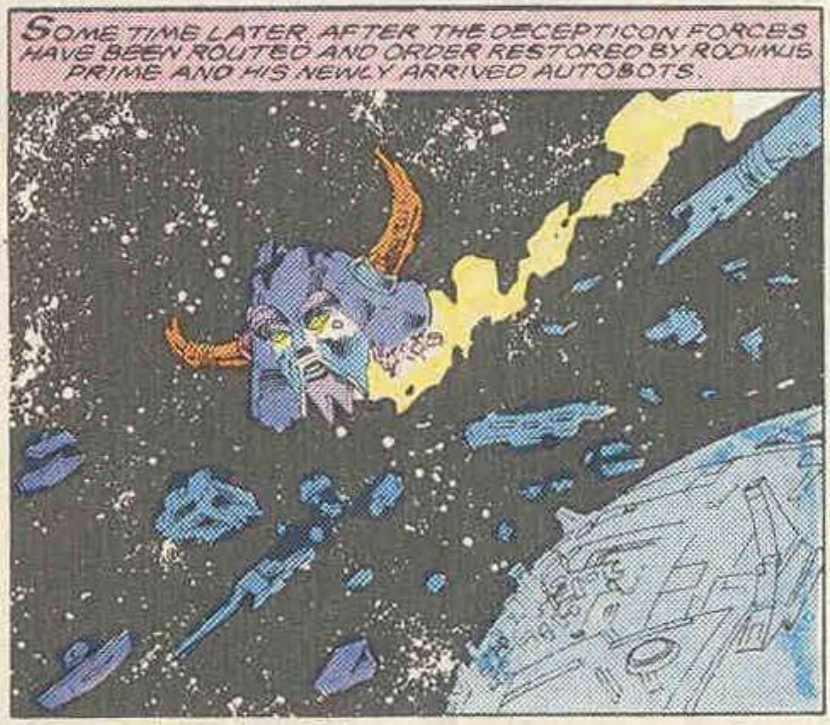
AUTOBOTS! NO TIME FOR TALKING! TRANSFORM AND ROLL OUT!


HASTILY, RODIMUS PRIME RELAYS TO THE AUTOBOTS AND DANIEL ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED AS HE LEADS HIS FRANTIC FRIENDS TOWARD AN ESCAPE.
...AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO TELL.
THAT'S ENOUGH. I KNEW YOU HAD POTENTIAL, LAD.

EXITING THROUGH UNICRON'S UNDAMAGED EYE--UNTIL NOW--RODIMUS PRIME BRINGS EVERYONE TO SAFETY.
SKRINNKKK!

NOOOOO! YOU CANNOT DESTROY MY DESTINY!
SKRRSSKKK!
I WAS SO CLOSE! SO CLOSE! SO--
SKRRSSKKK!

BUK-WHOOM!


SOME TIME LATER, AFTER THE DECEPTICON FORCES HAVE BEEN ROUTED AND ORDER RESTORED BY RODIMUS PRIME AND HIS NEWLY ARRIVED AUTOBOTS.

IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE. OUR HOMEWORLD HAS BEEN RECLAIMED AND A NEW AGE OF PEACE MAY BE UPON US-- WITH THE AUTOBOTS IN CONTROL!
AMEN TO THAT.

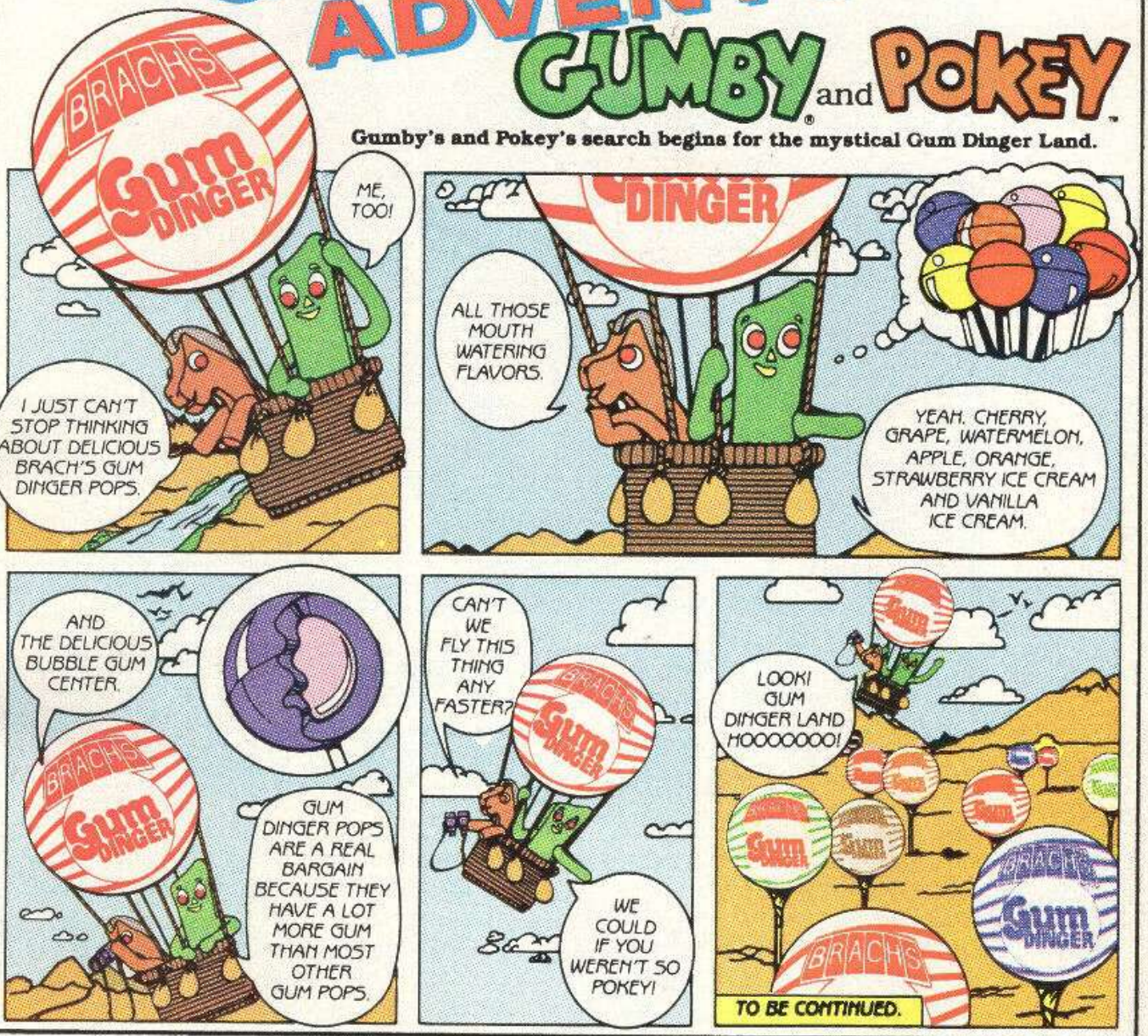
LET THIS MARK THE END OF CYBERTRONIAN WARS AS WE MARCH FORWARD TO A NEW AGE OF PEACE AND HAPPINESS...'TIL ALL ARE ONE!
'TIL ALL ARE ONE!
THE ETTD.

BRACH'S

GUM DINGER® ADVENTURES

GUMBY® and POKEY™

Gumby's and Pokey's search begins for the mystical Gum Dinger Land.


BRACH'S
Gum Dinger
ME, TOO!
I JUST CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT DELICIOUS BRACH'S GUM DINGER POPS.
ALL THOSE MOUTH WATERING FLAVORS.
YEAH. CHERRY, GRAPE, WATERMELON, APPLE, ORANGE, STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM AND VANILLA ICE CREAM.
AND THE DELICIOUS BUBBLE GUM CENTER.
GUM DINGER POPS ARE A REAL BARGAIN BECAUSE THEY HAVE A LOT MORE GUM THAN MOST OTHER GUM POPS.
CAN'T WE FLY THIS THING ANY FASTER?
WE COULD IF YOU WEREN'T SO POKEY!
LOOK! GUM DINGER LAND HOOOOOOO!
TO BE CONTINUED.

MORE GUM, MORE FUN WITH GUM DINGER POPS AND GUMBY AND POKEY FUN KITS.

EXCLUSIVE OFFER

GUMBY® and POKEY™ FUN KIT

- Six full color stickers
- Gumby Gram memo pad
- 3 full color Gumby book marks
- Gumby pen

ALL THIS FOR ONLY $1.00! Postage and handling included.

Send your check or money order payable to "GUMBY & POKEY FUN KIT" to:

GUMBY & POKEY FUN KIT OFFER
Box 3993
Schaumburg, IL 60194

YES!

Send me__Gumby and Pokey Fun Kit(s)
I have enclosed a check or money order in the amount of_____. (Canadian residents add 25¢.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Addresses without ZIP codes cannot be honored. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

OFFER EXPIRES April 30, 1987.

BRACH'S

Nobody treats America like Brach's.®

BCH-0421-131

©1986 Art Clokey